

Not Even Second Best by **Luddleston**

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Summary:

Despite Theseus interrupting his would-be tryst in Elysium and sending Thanatos teleporting away in a huff, Zagreus would still really like to get off. Theseus, however, will not leave and also will not stop yelling about how much better he is at pleasuring himself.

If he's going to do that, he might as well prove it.

Not Even Second Best

Author's Note:

I decided it was high time for some Theseus Nonsense.

I just enjoy writing him yelling about how great his dick is.

"Hold, monster! How dare you invade our eternal paradise with your—what *are* you even doing?"

Zagreus was cursed. So cursed. Everything was horrible and it all came in the form of this irritating man shouting insults at him while he was *just* about to convince Thanatos to fuck him up against that pillar over there so hard it came down.

He put his head on Than's chest, which mostly entailed butting his forehead against the metal clasp of his robe. Ow. He blamed Theseus for this, too.

"I say, demon, do you not have ears!?"

"Oh, I have them," Zagreus muttered. Thanatos was giving him that disgruntled look where his nose wrinkled up which was very cute if Zagreus was in a position to kiss his nose until Thanatos stopped being grumpy, and less so when the source of Than's irritation was still shouting and waving his spear around.

"I know not how you have come across this sacred area of respite—" Fountain chamber. Which Zagreus had literally had installed. "—But you certainly do not belong here, least of all in the arms of... *Death?*"

"Hello, King." Thanatos greeted him with all the pleasantness of someone discovering he'd stepped in something foul.

Theseus continued to bluster, not exactly words, and not exactly something Zagreus wanted to listen to any longer.

Than didn't even try to pretend he wasn't rolling his eyes. "I think I must go, Zagreus," he sighed, stepping, back, and—

Wait.

WAIT.

"You're not just going to *leave me* with—"

And, he was gone.

Honestly, Zagreus couldn't really blame him.

Theseus was walking closer, waving his spear around like he was about to start a fight here and now. "He knows well to run from me!"

"He really does, now he doesn't have to listen to you." Zagreus leaned back against the pillar. Thanatos should have been devouring his mouth right now, should have had a knee shoved between his thighs and the prick of Than's gauntleted fingertips pressing into his lower back.

Instead, Theseus was driving the butt of his spear against the ground as he struck a pose like somebody was referencing him for sculpture right about now. Zagreus dragged a hand down his face, groaning as Theseus continued to shout.

"Now, hellspawn, what shall I do with you! Will you taste the tip of my spear!?"

"I'd rather not, Theseus." Zagreus found himself wishing, not for the first time, that Theseus' constant references to his spear didn't sound so sexual. He also found himself wishing, definitely for the first time, that he didn't still have an erection while having to listen to Theseus talk about his 'spear'.

"I find I will have to punish you for your besmirchment of our fair paradise!" Oh, how Zagreus wished he still had Than's mouth on his neck and Than's hand on his ass.

"Blood and darkness, I was only trying to have a *romantic afternoon* amidst all my killing and dying. Or romantic evening. Whatever time it is."

"Ha! As if Death Incarnate would stoop to such an entanglement with a common demon!"

"I'm the prince of the Underworld—you *know* this. Why do I bother." Zagreus shook his head, sort of wishing Theseus *would* run him through. At least he wouldn't have to listen to him deny the existence of Zag's relationship with Thanatos anymore. "And, for the record, I've been seeing Than for a while, now. You'd think you'd have noticed, with how often he shows up to help me kill you."

Theseus literally turned his nose up. "Well, I know not what he sees in you."

"I dunno, how about the fact that I'm handsome, charming, in love with him, and a pretty great lay, besides." Zagreus tipped his head back, leaning his full weight against the pillar. Gods, if Thanatos wasn't going to fuck him against it, he could at least give Theseus the boot and get himself off thinking about all the sexual favors Thanatos most certainly owed him for leaving him with Theseus.

"You're not a one of those!" Theseus proclaimed, although Zagreus was unsure how the hell he'd know about the last one.

"Sure, whatever you say, now. Would you please leave? I'd like to finish some things, here."

Theseus drove his spear against the ground again like it was punctuation of some kind. "Whatever do you mean to finish!?"

Zagreus gestured wordlessly at his crotch, which, even though he wasn't visibly hard anymore, should clearly have served as explanation.

"Explain yourself, demon!"

Apparently not.

"Well, you've scared my lover off," Zagreus said, "but I would like this very nice moment I was having in this fountain chamber to not be ruined entirely, so I thought perhaps I would tell you to get the hell out, and then I would take care of myself. Sexually," he added, because Theseus seemed to need that clarification.

"You would do such a thing in the hallowed grounds of—"

"Yes. Yes, I would. Now get out, so I can continue besmirching Elysium." He stroked over himself through his clothes just to fully scare Theseus off. It also helped that the tease really got him going, and he shivered for more contact.

Theseus. Did. Not. Leave.

Instead, his gaze followed Zagreus' hand and then stuck for a little too long.

What?

"Taking such pleasures in the fields of Elysium is an honor for only the finest warriors," Theseus argued, his brow furrowing but his tongue wetting his lower lip. So, apparently he had nothing against whatever Achilles and Patroclus got up to.

"Alright, well, I've beaten you often enough to be a fine warrior myself, so if you don't mind."

"I do mind!"

"I'm going to do it whether you stay here or not, so you'd best be going." For a second, Zagreus wasn't even sure if he was bluffing.

Theseus' grip clenched on his spear and his teeth dug into his lip and he kept staring at Zagreus' hand, which currently rested on his thigh. "I refuse to be forced out of my own lands by your perversions!"

Oh, gods, he was really going to do this, wasn't he?

"Fine by me, I guess." Zagreus wasn't surprised that the fact that he was being watched was making his heart race, making his cock stiffer as he reached into his leggings to bring himself back to full hardness. He'd always enjoyed showing off for Thanatos, sprawling out on his bed and making a real performance of it, fucking his fist or stuffing himself full of his fingers, crying out for him until Thanatos finally snapped and took him.

He didn't draw his cock out fully, didn't strip off his clothing, so Theseus only got the sight of his forearm working as he immediately started with the kind of touch that would lead him to finishing as soon as possible. As much as Zagreus had wanted to prolong this with Thanatos, he was less interested in making this particular encounter any longer than it needed to be.

That didn't mean he was going to *stop*, though. He had a point to prove.

He rubbed his forefinger just below the head of his cock, and his toes curled in the grass, making it sizzle for just a second before it recovered, the lush fields of Elysium resisting the heat of his soles.

"What kind of a technique is that!" Theseus, it seemed, was back in full force, only stunned into silence for the shortest of spans while he watched Zagreus move. "You must leave that lover of yours wanting, with how sloppy and over-eager you are!"

Now, that. That was just not true.

"I'll have you know, I'm quite excellent at what I do." He wasn't ordinarily quick to anger, but the insinuation that he could not satisfy Thanatos had him practically incandescent with fury. He wanted to *throttle* Theseus, wanted to pin him to the ground and prove him so, so wrong. "I simply find it hard to get off when I have to look at you."

"Ha! Even now, all you do is lie!" Theseus posed again, flexing every muscle there was to flex. "I know well how pleasing I am to look at."

Well. He'd been more pleasing to look at when he was young, with the long hair and the nude portraiture. "That may be, but you're not pleasing to listen to. I may not even be able to finish if I have to hear you shouting."

Theseus scoffed, then scoffed again, then announced: "I could bring you pleasure like you would not believe! I could have you on your knees, begging for me to bring you to orgasm!"

That might have actually been sort of hot, if he wasn't yelling it like he wanted all the Underworld to hear. He couldn't have a bedroom voice if he tried.

But he was setting up a challenge, and Zagreus was, as Thanatos had said best, *competitive to a fault*.

And that was why, instead of saying *fuck off, let me pleasure myself in peace, thank you*, Zagreus responded with:

"I'd like to see you try."

Theseus, to his great surprise, turned to show Zagreus his backside, bending over the edge of the fountain and shooting Zagreus what he probably thought was a seductive smile over his shoulder. It looked more arrogant than anything, but, well, this *was* Theseus.

"Well, monster? I offer myself for you, to show you how completely I can seduce you, and you simply stand there with your mouth open!?"

Zag took a cautious step toward Theseus, and then another. He still was not entirely convinced Theseus wouldn't just stab him, but he'd propped his spear up, so Zagreus was relatively safe. "And you don't object to me defiling you with my demonic self?" he asked, now close enough that he could smell the oils Theseus covered himself in before fights so that his skin glistened and every contour of his muscles shone.

Theseus laughed, just as loud as anything else, with him, throwing his head back. "Don't be ridiculous. I would never allow you to penetrate me!" He straightened up for a moment, and Zagreus determined that, yes, he was exactly the same height as Theseus. He was going to have to take that up with Asterius next he saw him. "I suppose you would find more eroticism in this if you were allowed to behold the full glory of my form."

"I see enough of your form, trust me." That skirt Theseus wore really was quite short.

"No, demon, I insist," he said, stripping down with remarkable efficiency. Well, Zagreus supposed, he was an athlete. Bare, Theseus looked even more like a heroic statue, especially considering the fact that he was still posing. He was sprawled against the fountain, lounging with one leg up on the stone, which showed Zagreus way more of Theseus' dick than he ever really wanted to see.

The fact that he was hard was pretty damn gratifying, though.

"You know, I still have no idea what you want me to do to you," Zagreus said—Theseus needed to get this going before Zagreus lost his resolve and headed out through the door, leaving Theseus as the last man, er, standing.

"Are you really so dense?" Theseus hopped off the rim of the fountain and bent over it again. "I am quite magnanimously allowing you to use my thighs to release your devilish pleasures upon!"

The man did have some powerful thighs. And it couldn't be too bad, at the very least he wouldn't have to see Theseus' smug face during, and his cock was certainly interested in having a tight, hot place to rut into. He took a breath and rolled his shoulders once, squaring himself up sort of like he was about to go into a fight.

Fuck it.

Zagreus didn't strip, didn't want to give Theseus the satisfaction of seeing him naked. Besides, shoving down his leggings was much more efficient. He stepped up behind Theseus and was surprised when Theseus leaned into his touch, grinding his ass against Zagreus' cock and pressing his back to Zagreus' chest. He groaned, tipping his head forward against the oiled muscle of Theseus' shoulder.

"I see you are already overcome!" Theseus laughed, and it wasn't quite the same as when Zagreus and Than found themselves dissolving into laughter

during sex. Theseus was mocking him, and Zagreus grasped the back of his neck, shoving Theseus forward.

"If I asked you to be quiet during this, would you listen to me at *all*?"

"As my second-greatest of nemeses, you should already be aware that isn't possible!"

Better get this over with quick, then. Zagreus licked over his palm, spreading the wetness over his cock so that it would slide more smoothly between Theseus' thighs. There was something to be said for his overly-muscular build—he could squeeze Zagreus *tight* between those thighs. Despite himself, he moaned again, grasping Theseus' hip and driving into him in earnest.

Theseus didn't shut it for a second.

"That's it, monster, with your perverse nature, you should be quite eager to ravish me, I'm sure. Especially considering that I am so lovely, even such a simple use of my body is bound to bring you to the heights of pleasure!"

"Pretty regular amount of pleasure, honesty," Zagreus said, because although Theseus' thighs were particularly well-built, the endless stream of bragging that came from his mouth even as he was bent over a fountain and fucked was... less enjoyable.

"There's no need to deflect like that, demon. I know that even now it must be a colossal effort for you to keep from spending yourself between my thighs—*ah!*"

Zagreus wasn't touching Theseus, so there was no real reason for him to be moaning like that, except...

Did he *seriously* get off to the sound of his own voice?

"If I were to really get my hands on you, there would be no comparison to how well I would fuck you, your mind truly cannot comprehend the

incredible power of my—" he moaned again, and Zagreus decided the answer was yes, Theseus did indeed get off listening to himself talk.

"Your *spear*? Can't say I'd find it particularly impressive."

"You would once you were split open by it! I would have you writhing under me, begging for release from such sweet, sweet torture!"

What was there Theseus could do that his other lovers could not? Zagreus failed to believe he was particularly impressive in bed, had probably just been told that because his lovers had worked out how much he liked being praised.

Besides. Than was bigger.

"Well, too bad that isn't about to happen." Zagreus highly doubted hooking up with Theseus again was on his list of things he'd end up doing, and the idea that he'd let Theseus fuck him was just laughable.

"It is probably for the best! Every shade in Elysium would hear you crying my name!"

"That's... rather unlikely." Zagreus hated to admit that he was hampered by the fact that fucking Theseus had him breathing hard.

"Say what you will, hellspawn, but this *will* end with you moaning my name, crying out in praise of my wondrous form."

Zagreus only sighed, braced his hand flat in the center of Theseus' back, and fucked him harder, doing his damndest to work himself to a somewhat satisfactory end despite Theseus' declarations, which were rising in pitch and in volume.

If Thanatos had stuck around and Theseus had been the one to disappear, he actually *would* be split open right now, enjoying Thanatos' much more satisfying attentions and the sweetness of his voice when it turned to ragged whispers as he lost himself in their lovemaking. Thanatos, too, was powerful enough to hold Zagreus up against something (say, that pillar he'd

had a vested interest in being fucked against) all the while. Being wedged between Thanatos and any hard surface would have been endlessly preferable to being between Theseus' thighs, and yet...

It was sort of entertaining to watch the Champion of Elysium work himself up like this. He almost equaled the way he got when he became truly furious in one of their fights, sweating and cursing the demon that plagued him (except, this time he was announcing how hard he was going to make that same demon come). He had a hand around his cock, now, apparently the sound of his own voice only did so much for him, and his head tipped forward so far Zagreus almost thought his laurels would fall right off.

His thighs tensed around Zagreus' cock once more and Zagreus cried out despite himself.

Theseus laughed, finally having the courtesy to sound a little winded. "That's it, demon, come for me!"

Come for me.

Zagreus remembered the words in Thanatos' voice, with his soft lips brushing Zagreus' as he held him close.

"Show me how well I please you!"

Zagreus, love. I've got you.

Zagreus could practically inhale the scent of him, incense and woodsmoke.

"Shout my name to the heavens!"

You're so good for me.

Zagreus dug his fingers into the sharp jut of a hipbone as he came, crying out his lover's name.

"Thanatos!"

For a moment, all of Elysium was still around him, just the fall of water from the fountain and his breathing filling his ears.

And then.

"THANATOS!?"

Zagreus was fairly certain he'd die this time because Theseus deafened him and left him defenseless to anything sneaking up on him from behind.

— — —

"You said... you said *my name*?" Few people, Zagreus supposed, would ever see Thanatos like this, breathless with laughter, almost in tears.

"Of course I did! I was thinking of you!" Zagreus flopped back onto his bed and rolled his eyes at the ceiling. "I honestly don't understand why he was so irritated. He knows you're my lover. I wouldn't have been bothered if he'd gone and shouted Asterius' name."

Thanatos sighed, almost mournful. "To think, I walked out on that."

"Yes, now you know you must never, ever leave me alone with Theseus again. Although, I think that's because next time, he'll just disembowel me."

"You'd deserve it." Thanatos clicked his tongue, shaking his head admonishingly. "To say another's name while making love. Shameful."

"I wasn't—it wasn't—I was just *getting off*, he could have just gone and left!" Zagreus shot up into a sitting position again.

"It's *rude*."

"It's *Theseus*." Zagreus leaned his head on Than's shoulder and sighed. "Why're you defending him, anyhow?"

"I wanted to see how red I could make you," he admitted.

Zagreus' arm snaked around his waist as he tilted his head up, catching Thanatos' eye with something sly in his expression. "There are better ways of doing that, you know."

"That, there are."

Author's Note:

Theseus goes home and cries to Asterius and Asterius makes it all better, I promise <3